

## WHEN I THREW FLOWERS AT HIS FACE

he said you're like someone  
who has taken all the hurt  
pain the feeling packed  
it rolled it tight in  
wads of paper small hard  
paper apples you're carrying  
them in both hands they're  
always on the verge of  
you could spill them walking  
across the tight rope  
juggling them when you  
have to twisting keeping  
it all where you can handle  
it and not lose yr balance

## ANGER

pits i couldn't swallow or spit out  
the past 3 days listening to you  
stamp around in your death shoes  
screaming fire how you hated  
the poems i couldn't talk was  
afraid to go get the mail

last night in the house down  
state the black was still in my  
throat i curled like a comma  
saying wait got up while the  
frost still hid the sun wrote  
down the blackest apples

flowers from the dark until  
the mean grew out of my fingers  
on to this page away from the  
bed where i'm lying with another  
man writing you out of me

## MAD GUN MADONNA

she goes back to  
her old man for  
the 12th time but  
keeps a revolver  
under the bed no  
more mad weeping  
in the snow for  
this baby

## THE MAN WHO THINKS HE

can ditch you put  
you aside for a  
little gum under  
the counter water  
under the he'll  
pay the bills may  
be take you out  
for chinese food  
ten months pass  
he goes to chile  
never understands  
when he wants to  
move back into  
yr flannel there  
could be a new  
man in yr sheets  
in the poems he  
made you write

## TUESDAY

sun thru branches  
gold water on the

copper samovar  
butterfly wings

on the silk turbans  
striped caftans

men watching the  
myrna chatter in

a language no  
one still speaks

in this country